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BARBARA WARD

Rich Nation, Poor Nation

The Shorter Work Week

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Father Lombardi and the Curia

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

The '62 Elections

REPUBLICAN STRATEGISTS for the coming Congressional electoral contests have an unenviable task. The popularity of John F. Kennedy and his wife is at a peak. It will not necessarily "rub off" on all Democratic House and Senate nominees but assuredly makes vast numbers of the electorate amenable to their pleas for support for office. Moreover, when a state's or district's electoral prospect is greatly in doubt, Mr. Kennedy may intervene effectively on behalf of the Democratic candidate.

Besides the President's extraordinary personal popularity, certain accomplishments of his first year of office should materially help his party and its candidates. The caliber of his appointees to the Cabinet and to important diplomatic posts is, generally speaking, unusually good. The New Frontier, if far less vigorous and comprehensive than its advocates first hoped, is something more than a popular political slogan. There are weaknesses in such measures as the Area Development Act and the Administration's new minimum wage law, for example, but they do represent serious efforts. The lack of civil rights legislation is balanced by the President's appointments of Negroes to important posts and by federal efforts to enforce more thoroughly laws already in effect. Finally, in the all-important area of foreign policy the President has done reasonably well except for the Cuba fiasco.

The Republicans are confronted by general satisfaction with their rivals' conduct of office and an increasing degree of national prosperity. The present margin against them in both House and Senate is so great that even if their glowingest dreams of forty gains in House seats and eight in the Senate were realized, they would still constitute a minority. The object, therefore, is to register significant Congressional gains this November on the way to victory two years later.

But how are the required Republican victories to be won in 1962? Some hold that this is largely a mathematical problem. As their reasoning goes, the margin was so narrow in 1960 that a few thousand more votes in such cities as Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh would have reversed the result. Republican analysts are shocked to discover the extent to which party machinery has fallen into disuse in a number of large cities. They are aware of the shift of population to city and suburb and of the abiding strength of local Democratic political machines. Recruit and organize is one of the first prescriptions for reducing the Democratic urban margin. The successful gerrymandering which state legislatures have effected in New York and other states to take advantage of the latest population adjustments is another facet of this mathematical approach.

YET REPUBLICAN leaders are aware that victories in 1962 and after require something more than the repair of certain organizational deficiencies. Mr. Eisenhower does ascribe the defeats of 1958 and 1960 to "faulty salesmanship." Yet he also lays stress on the principles on which his party should sell its story. His attack on the incumbents' "profligate spending" and politicking was echoed by speakers at other Republican fund-raising dinners, as was the dedication of his party to the cause of "responsible progress for free individuals." This, with the warnings about inflation and over-centralized government, has a familiar ring. It is expressed even more vehemently now by the G.O.P.'s vociferous right-wing minority.

There are dangers in expanding the functions of the federal government. In a highly industralized society such as ours, growing concentration of power and responsibility can be a serious problem. But the continuing Republican attack on government spending, bureaucracy and paternalism is ineffectual. Certain G.O.P. leaders appear conscious of this. Senator Morton of Kentucky, for example,

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has just urged the Young Republican organization not to be negative in their approach but to come forward with positive alternatives to the Democratic policies they criticize. George Romney, the new Republican dark horse for 1964, holds that the G.O.P. has become too identified with the American business community instead of striving to represent the whole nation. There are other Republicans of like mind in both House and Senate.

If there is to be a Republican resurgence that will strengthen the American two-party system, it will hardly be through the election of candidates who continue to form obstructional alliances with conservative Southern Democrats. Perhaps the succession of serious defeats at the polls may eventually lead the G.O.P. to bring forward candidates of a new type, often conservative in the best sense and properly fearful of statism yet as determined as their Democratic compatriots to meet the needs of the American people.

A Fresh Wind

IF WE WERE in the habit of giving Man of the Week awards, one might well go to General David M. Shoup, Commandant of the Marine Corps. Testifying before the Senate panel on censorship of military personnel, General Shoup made the rather remarkable statement that he considers hate an "internal sin." "Hate," he said, is a "poison," and "associated with fear." For his part, he held that what preserved the American soldier in Korea, the ones who did not break, was "faith and confidence," not hatred of the enemy.

In one sense, of course, there is nothing at all remarkable about an opinion of this sort. It is simply the expression, in a rough form, of a basic moral truth. What made it odd, and made our ears prick up, was the fact that it is the kind of expression one does not normally associate with military leaders. Nor, we suppose, are we likely, during the remainder of the hearing, to hear anyone else talk in that fashion.

In commending General Shoup, however, we are not thereby commending a view of the military which would glorify the detached, "professional" military man. There is, or ought to be, in any military service a commitment to values other than those of obedience to one's commanding officer. That latter value, if elevated to the highest level, has as many dangers as the glorification of hatred as a motive for service. That large problem goes beyond the scope of the General's testimony. But he introduced a fresh, if passing, wind into the hearing.

To Test or Not To Test

THE DEBATE on whether or not the United States should resume atmospheric nuclear tests is a familiar one. Both the arguments and the line-ups are pretty much what they have been for the past few years.

In favor of testing are the scientists who have always favored it, like Dr. Edward Teller; the military, including the Joint Chiefs of Staff; the Central Intelligence Agency; and, for the most part, the members of the Atomic Energy Commission. Opposed to the resumption of testing are other scientists, like Dr. Hans Bethe, who has opposed it in the past, and Dr. Jerome Wiesner, the President's scientific adviser; the State Department; the United States Information Agency; Adlai Stevenson, chief U.S. delegate to the United Nations; and, apparently, most of the President's special assistants in the White House.

Evaluation of the arguments put forth by both sides is in one sense almost impossible by the layman, since at bottom the discussion hinges on questions of fact. In another sense, however, the nonexpert is as well equipped as the expert, since nobody knows the facts for certain and the experts themselves have absolutely contradictory opinions on the facts which are in dispute.

For instance, those in favor of testing believe that the latest Soviet test series showed an impressive technical advance; unless the U.S. resumes its own experiments, they say, the Soviets may achieve an advantage in weapon technology which will imperil the security of the U.S. Furthermore, they argue, nuclear tests may lead to a sudden breakthrough to completely new and unknown weapons.

Those opposed to testing maintain that the recent Soviet achievements have not resulted in any imbalance of weapons strength. They think that little is to be gained by further tests. They say that resumption of tests would accelerate the arms race and make it more difficult to stop, and they believe that the effect of renewed testing on world opinion would be costly. Finally, they argue that the addition of more radioactive fallout to the world's atmosphere would be downright immoral.

Given these conflicting views, held in both cases by distinguished and knowledgeable people, a decision can not be easily reached. Because of the immensely grave consequences of whichever course our nation adopts, the decision can not be reached without trepidation in either case. But there are, we think, a number of considerations which bear upon the differences of opinion in the advice being offered to the President.

We ourselves are more than a little influenced by

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the sources of the conflicting analyses of the present and future situation. In other words, we believe that the past records of both the pro- and anti-test groups are legitimate indexes to the probable reliability of their testimony now.

The generals could hardly be expected to feel any great anxiety about the arms race; at any rate, they have not shown any in their performances to date. The intelligence estimates of the armed services and the C.I.A. have been reversed so often in the past that it is hard to be impressed at any time by a late, revised revised report. Certainly the uproar about the "missile gap" indicated either extraordinary incompetence on the part of our intelligence services or the most shameful willingness to influence our defense policies not in the interests of national security but for the aggrandizement of one branch of the armed services over another. The Atomic Energy Commission too, including its scientist-spokesmen, has compiled over the years a dismaying record of withholding and/or minimizing data on fallout or any other data which would influence public opinion against testing.

The record of those ranged against the pro-test group gives us considerably more confidence in their judgment now. If they have not been proved spectacularly right, they have not at least been spectacularly wrong. And Mr. Stevenson for one, who saw the dangers of the nuclear arms race a decade ago, has been proved by events to have been a kind of prophet.

In the end, the decision which is made will involve certain risks to our security. Not resuming tests and trying to use the present balance of weapons as a basis for serious disarmament proposals would involve undeniable risks. But to resume testing and begin a new cycle in the nuclear arms spiral also would involve undeniable risks. Which risk is greater? We fear that another round in the arms contest can never give us security; we know that it makes the danger of ultimate disaster a little bit greater every day.

Go and Catch a Falling Star

THE ASTROLOGICALLY fateful day of February 4 came and went without any of the dire happenings that had been foretold by Hindu stargazers and other cultists. That is to say, nothing unusual was observed by Western astronomers, except the fact of the rare but regularly recurring conjunction of planets that set off all the strange predictions.

But were the Hindu astrologers disappointed? Did they feel that their system had been proved wrong? Not on your life. They pointed out that the non-initiate (the astronomers) were not taking account of *Khetu*. *Khetu*, they explained, is a mysterious celestial body which makes all the difference, and the fact that it is invisible and can't be tracked in any way makes it understandable that mere astronomers didn't see anything extraordinary.

At first blush all this might seem like exotic lore from the Inscrutable East, but the more we thought about it the more we realized that the cult of *Khetu* is widespread everywhere in the world. It is, in fact, intimately related to those disciplines of modern life in the West named and categorized by Stephen Potter—gamesmanship, one-upmanship, etc. Mr. Potter's next book may well include the Ploy To Be Used When the Jig Seems Up: "But of course your frame of reference doesn't permit you to take account of *Khetu*."

Knowing about this doesn't help much in answering a *Khetuan* (if you can grasp the idea sufficiently to comment on it, then it can't be *Khetu*, you see), but at least the next time you meet one you'll have a name for what hit you.

Left-Wing Extremism

RIGHT-WING extremism, one can safely say, has taken a thorough drubbing of late. Even those conservatives who might, by temperament and outlook, be expected to maintain at least a discreet silence about fanaticism in their own ranks have felt the necessity of taking their zealous brothers to task.

But what is, perhaps, of equal interest is the growing tendency, when talking of extremism, to dole out blows at "left-wing" or "liberal" extremism. When put in a moderate fashion, the charge is that while right-wing extremism is a danger, it is no more of a danger than its left-wing counterpart. A more extreme version of the charge runs that, in fact, the failures, evasions and illusions of the liberals are a major reason for the growth of extreme conservatism. Were it not, it is said, for the ambiguous stand of the liberals toward Communism, the far right would have less support.

This kind of charge is, obviously, a serious one. What is the evidence used to support it? There is, first, the supposed fact that liberal opposition to Communism has been far less intense than was its opposition to Nazism. Secondly, it is said that liberals are far more disposed to attack the American right than they are to attack Soviet tyranny and aggression. Thirdly, it has been claimed that liberals are willing to give Communists the benefit of any doubt. Fourthly, liberals are charged with aiding Communists by worrying more about their civil rights than about the security of the nation.

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Now there can be no doubt that there is an extreme left-wing in this country. There are those who, while anti-Communist, share the Soviet reading of the world's troubles. There are those who are ever quick to defend or ignore a Communist tactic or deceit. There are those who can see no difference between Cuban firing squads and segregation in the South. There are those who can overlook the Hungarian revolution but become hysterical when an American is denied due process.

The question, then, is not whether such people exist. Obviously they do. More to the point, however, is whether these individuals and the groups of which they are a part, constitute a menace to the same degree as do the extremists of the right. We think they do not. Our reason for this judgment is that, in terms of numbers, they represent a very small minority fringe: they cannot claim, as supporters, high-ranking clergymen, Congressmen, and civic leaders. More pertinent still, their evangelists have attracted very few followers and their appeal to the public has met with little success. Quite the opposite is the case with the right-wing extremists.

A still more pertinent question arises. Are all liberals to be taxed with the failings of the extreme left? Hardly. On the contrary, there is, we believe, little of substance in the list of charges against liberals we have noted above. These are charges which one can bring against a very small and insignificant group of American liberals: one cannot, without serious distortion, bring them against the great mass of American liberals.

Unfortunately, one may account it a triumph of the right that such charges are taken seriously—and that liberals are blamed even for the rise of rightism. But the fundamental reason why liberalism comes in for this kind of misunderstanding turns, we think, on another point. Liberals see far more gray and mottled patterns in life than do conservatives. Faced with a threat of the kind Communism offers, liberals are not prone or eager to undertake the kinds of crusades that conservatives see as the cure-all, or to adopt right-wing panaceas.

Liberals, to be sure, do propose some panaceas. But in almost every instance they involve passing judgment upon our own evils and in acknowledging our own responsibility for the rise of Communism. But conservatives seem to want none of this kind of soul-searching. Nor, in contrast to liberals, do conservatives seem to care greatly about the means employed to combat Communism. The liberal is not willing to make a mockery of the word freedom in the name of anti-Communism. That is a crucial difference.

Father Lombardi and the Curia

Rome

FOR THE Vatican newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano* to criticize a Jesuit is most unusual, but the unusual has now happened. The Jesuit to be criticized is Father Riccardo Lombardi, whose book about the forthcoming Vatican Council was recently described by *L'Osservatore Romano* as "rash and unjust," particularly in its judgments of the Roman Curia.

The practical result of this rebuke was that Father Lombardi's book was sold out all over Italy in a few days' time. In addition, Italian newspapers of all complexions took strong positions for or against it. The average Italian, naturally enough, was bewildered by the furor, and even more bewildered by the fact that afterwards nothing happened. The one conclusion that everyone in this country has drawn is that this is going to be an unusual and exciting Council.

Father Lombardi is well known to all Italians and even to most Catholics all over Europe. Just after the end of the war he was nicknamed "the microphone of God" by the Communists in Italy, who did not like his successful crusade against them. Father Lombardi was very close to Pope Pius XII, particularly after he retired from preaching and founded his Institute for a Better World, the avowed purpose of which was to reform the Church from within.

The ideas of reform advanced by Father Lombardi took form gradually during his long and frequent travels, and over the years they became familiar to most Italians. They were generally considered to be sound, even if many were skeptical about the possibilities of realizing them, for no other reason than their own long experience of how the Vatican sticks to its traditions. Since these ideas were merely repeated in Father Lombardi's book about the Council, the reaction in *L'Osservatore Romano* came as a great surprise. If Father Lombardi's ideas are wrong, why wasn't he stopped earlier and quietly? Why the late and open criticism?

At any rate, Father Lombardi's ideas could not have been better advertised than through the publicity he was given. Italians who ordinarily would have little patience with deep and complicated problems are now pondering Father Lombardi's ideas. In the weeklies they are discussed in detail under pictures of Father Lombardi and of Monsignor Pericle Felici, General Secretary of the Preparatory Council for the Council, assumed by everybody to be the author of the article in the Vatican paper, which was not signed, and they are the topic of the day at Communist Party meetings. If Father Lombardi's ideas were well known to the Italians before the present furor, by now they must know them by heart.

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What are these ideas? In many of the recent condensed press reports they have been slanted, and they deserve to be summed up as objectively as possible. According to Father Lombardi, the forthcoming Council is an excellent opportunity to effect certain technical reforms within the Church. He is struck by the fact that there is a disproportion between the potential strength and means of the Church, on the one hand, and on the other, the results it achieves. If his suggested technical reforms are made, these achievements would be far greater, in his view. None of his suggested reforms has anything to do with the teachings of the Church.

First of all, Father Lombardi suggests that the Pope in future could be chosen from outside the College of Cardinals. This is nothing new, of course; it would only be a return to something which has happened in the past. But the idea has generally been understood in Italy as essentially an indirect criticism of the Italian Cardinals.

Furthermore, Father Lombardi wishes complete internationalization in the central government of the Church, the so-called Roman Curia, where so far the Italians predominate. According to him, only the very best in the Church, wherever they come from, are good enough for the tremendous responsibilities of the Curia. The Curia, he says, should be unique in the world as a body of men renowned both for their ability and spirituality.

Men like this exist; it is up to the Church to find them, says Father Lombardi. And he adds a few hard words about some of the present members of the Curia, their way of seeing world problems of the Church only in terms of the particular conditions prevailing in the center, i.e., in Italy, their tendency to centralize authority even on questions of lesser importance which could easily and with an enormous economy of time and energy be resolved on a lower level, their careerism, characteristic of bureaucracy but which should not exist in the central institutions of the Church. And—as background—he says a few words about the criticisms of the Roman Curia which he has heard throughout the Catholic world, hinting at the same time that there are even now members of this very Curia who quite agree with him.

IN ORDER to increase the efficiency of the Curia even more, Father Lombardi suggests a retiring age for all except the Pope, a limit which anybody who has his full strength in spite of his age—and there are many examples of this in the Curia—could be individually dispensed from. And very tellingly he quotes the late Secretary of State Cardinal Tardini. Everybody still remembers the pathetic case of this able and warmhearted priest who was so well aware of his own decline towards the end that he called a press conference in order to announce that he wanted to retire and consecrate at least the last years he had to live to the remarkable institution for intellectually gifted orphans which he had managed to found and develop in spite of the crushing burden of his normal work. There is no doubt that Cardinal Tardini was one of the members of the Curia who would have wholeheartedly supported Father Lombardi.

There is much more in this extraordinary Jesuit's book, but these are the suggestions which have attracted most attention. It is no secret to the Italians who have followed the preparations for the Council that precisely these items have for years been considered in Rome as among the first which must be considered by any Council. Indeed, it must be the conviction of anybody who has lived in Rome for a long time and who takes an interest in the Church that precisely these questions cannot be avoided any longer. There is no doubt that a deep transformation is slowly taking place within the Church. The Latin world altogether is losing more and more influence in all fields of human activity, in spite of its truly glorious past and in spite of the tendency within the Church to remain stubbornly fixed in the attitudes of this glorious past. It now seems clear that Italian predominance in the Curia belongs to the past.

There is certainly no harm in discussing these questions openly, as they have nothing to do with the teachings of the Church. And, as Pius XII said in his speech to the International Congress of the Catholic Press in February 1950, a speech which is often quoted these days in Rome: the Church "is a living body and something would be lacking in her life if she did not have a public opinion; if she did not have one, the responsibility would fall on her pastors and faithful." Naturally, the Italians of the Curia tend to give a rather restrictive interpretation of this, whereas the non-Italians, mostly the Germans, French and Dutch, tend to give it a much larger interpretation. They do not want to underestimate the invaluable services to the Church which have been rendered by the Italians, but they want the Italians to understand that the times have changed and that the center of gravity of Catholicism has gradually moved northwest. Many Italians do understand this, however, and it is not strange that one of them, Father Lombardi, who knows the Roman Curia perhaps better than anyone else, has expressed all this tactfully and with charity to his countrymen, even if it may hurt some of them.

And what is the position of the American Catholics at this turning-point in the history of the Church? They have been compared to the young giant who is not yet aware of his strength. The Germans, the French and the Dutch, now gathering in Rome in preparation for the Council, often speak of the Americans as "too passive." Some of them say, "The Americans' spirit of obedience paralyzes them." Others say: "It is the Irish spirit." And still others: "For the American Catholics an ordinary article in the *Osservatore Romano* is as if the Holy Spirit had spoken out of a cloud." But all of them draw the conclusion that if the Americans joined wholeheartedly in the efforts which are now afoot, the forthcoming Council could be the greatest event for the Church in centuries. GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

(Mr. Kumlien is The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Rome.)

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The Battle of Newburgh

OVER THE YEARS I've done my fair share of giving television its lumps, and if the network presidents continue to insist that theirs is the best of all possible worlds, I probably will again. It's only fair, then, to say that NBC's recent "White Paper" on Newburgh struck me as very good television, indeed. It was informed and informative, doing what TV can do superbly, simply by looking into a particular situation and then letting the characters stand or fall on their own merits.

As for as I am concerned, in this case City Manager Joseph McD. Mitchell fell, and hard. I was not, of course, predisposed in his direction, as readers of a column I did on the subject last August may remember. But it seems to me that among those who watched the NBC program all but the most die-hard Mitchell supporters must now be ready to see the Newburgh crusade for what it is—a mean and ignoble war, fought on absolutely the wrong premises against those least able to fight back.

This is not to say that all who initially swallowed Mr. Mitchell's story are ignoble or mean. There is concern about welfare problems, and this is reasonable enough. Many people simply do not know the facts about the situation, and their fears and antipathies are easily played upon. My complaint about Mr. Mitchell is that he does have the figures and should know better.

One thing I liked about NBC's hour-long "White Paper" is that it got so many of the pertinent facts and figures on film clearly and unmistakably. From the first, for example, the Newburgh anti-welfare crusade was tainted with the odor of anti-Negro prejudice. Always the suggestion was strong that the town was being swamped with an influx of Negroes from the South who came only to get on the relief rolls. But the picture that emerged from NBC's focus on the facts was quite different. About one out of six of Newburgh's population is Negro, but few came from the South to Newburgh. More than ninety per cent of Newburgh's Negro population is self-supporting, and Negroes account for less than half of the welfare load—despite the fact that most of them tend to be unskilled and that the Negro is still "last hired, first fired."

In the same way, the camera dispassionately eyed City Manager Mitchell as he declared that the employment situation in Newburgh was good and that, in his decades-old cliché, "Anyone who really wants work can find it." Then NBC turned to the actual unemployment situation—which turned out to be serious enough to have Newburgh classified by the Department of Labor as a surplus labor area.

All in all, not many of Mr. Mitchell's facts or figures stood the test of the camera's close scrutiny. There was, for instance, the million dollars in the town's budget which was supposedly devoted to welfare; when federal and state contributions to the total were excluded, however, this figure shrank to less than half. The claim that welfare costs had soared in recent years turned out to be something less than accurate; the increase, in fact, was found to amount to not much more than the rise in the cost of living. Aid to the aged, the blind and the crippled was shown to represent the major part of welfare costs; chiselers could not be named and those on home relief who might be termed fit and able to work came down to one man, who was hardly fit and was in any case white, anxious to work and a native-born son of Newburgh to boot.

After dealing with Mr. Mitchell's claims about welfare in Newburgh and the often contradictory reality, *NBC's "White Paper" turned its attention to the practical results of his crusade.* Here attention was focused on one family, recommended by the local Catholic Charities and refused aid by the Mitchell-reorganized welfare department. There may be those who can still defend the Newburgh program after seeing the young father break down and weep over his inability to find work in order to feed his children, but I don't see how. Nor was this case unique, for according to state authorities who are now investigating the situation, twenty-one out of thirty-four denials of relief in Newburgh during December were either questionable or borderline—a description which seems an understatement if the family shown on NBC was included.

There is plenty of political mileage in campaigning against welfare. Mr. Mitchell's rise to national fame and his new-found status as the darling of the right-wing set prove that. And welfare policy in this country does need re-examination. The trouble is, though, that the Newburgh approach will only make the solution to the real problems we face infinitely more difficult.

Poorly educated and untrained Negroes from the South *are* a problem in some Northern cities. The advance of automation *will* put more and more of the unskilled and aged out of work. It *is* necessary to train people in new skills, and to make special efforts in education and counseling in order to keep "the welfare pattern" from being perpetuated from one generation to another.

All of these things, and more, need attention, but dealing with them will cost more money, not less. The real welfare scandal is that we are not prepared to face and pay for what badly needs doing—and that phony crusades like the one in Newburgh continue to receive a respectful hearing.

JAMES O'GARA

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Barbara Ward

Rich Nation, Poor Nation

Why is the West not as interested as it should be in the revolutions it has launched?

ALL THE great revolutions of our contemporary world had their origin round the North Atlantic. The revolution by which equality has become a driving force in political life, the new concern with material things, the absorption in scientific analysis, the spurt of growth in the world's population, the whole transformation of our economic system by the application of technology and capital: all these vast changes were launched in the North Atlantic arena. Yet if you look at these Atlantic nations today they make the strange impression of not being particularly concerned with the revolutions they have wrought.

The changes have been unleashed on mankind. Blindly, blunderingly, with immense impact and immense confusion, they are remaking the face of the earth. But can one say that the Western powers follow their course with any intimate concern? Do they see them as direct projections of the Western way of life or accept responsibility for the fact that it was the Western colonial system that chiefly set in motion the present world-wide movement of revolutionary change?

Is it not strange to care so little for what we have launched; to lose interest in our inventions just when they are beginning to have their maximum impact? And if one asks why we behave in this way, I suppose some of the answers are not entirely comfortable. It seems to be a law of life that when you become rich you tend to become complacent. What is the Biblical phrase? "They sat down to eat and they rose up to play." Since the post-war economic revival in the West, the feeling has become fairly general that things are not going too badly. Elections have been fought on the slogan: "You never had it so good"; great nations have been lulled with the promise of "peace and prosperity."

This mood of ease and complacency unsuitably limits our ability to understand the needs and hungers of the millions who have not yet found their way into the modern world. To be rich and to be complacent invites the nemesis of such a condition—which is by indifference and by a narrowing of the heart to lose contact with the urgent desires of the great mass of one's fellow men. This constriction of pity can happen to individual men and women. History has always shown it. Today perhaps we see a new phenomenon: rich communities succumbing to the same limitation of human understanding.

BUT THERE is another more subtle reason that helps to explain why we are not as interested as we might be in all the revolutions we have launched. We simply cannot, out of our own experience, measure their truly daunting difficulties. All of them happened in the Western world under the conditions of maximum convenience. The West was relatively under-populated; it was immensely well endowed with the resources that are needed for the new kind of economy. Iron ore and coal were plentiful for the launching of industry.

But perhaps the chief reason for our over-confidence is to be found in the mechanism by which, in the main, the Western breakthrough to sustained growth was accomplished. In the critical early stages of change, the profit motive proved to be an immensely powerful engine of growth. Its success implanted deeply in the minds of many of us the idea that the greatest good of the greatest number can be achieved provided each individual or company or even nation vigorously pursues its own self-interest.

The strength of the case lies in the fact that, up to a point and under certain conditions, the premise may well be right. Competition in a free market has produced enormous gains in wealth and efficiency. In fact, we are living today through another such burst of growth as the tariff barriers go down inside the Common Market. But equally the conditions in Western Europe between the wars showed that if each nation pursued its own self-interest by a wrong route—in this case by constantly increasing its protective tariffs—the end result was not the good of all but the ruin of each.

In other words, there are conditions in which the unchecked pursuit of self-interest is an excellent guide to socially desirable action. There are also conditions when it is not. But the West still has a certain bias towards believing in its general efficacy, without regard to the framework within which it is to act. We tend to have

BARBARA WARD is the author of *The West at Bay, Faith and Freedom,* and other books. This article is adapted with permission from *The Rich Nations and the Poor Nations,* to be published later this month by W. W. Norton. © 1962 by Barbara Ward.

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a Micawberish attitude towards life, a feeling that so long as we do not get too excited something is certain to turn up. Yet if we look back over history I do not think the experience of other generations teaches us precisely this lesson. On the contrary, it suggests that not the Micawbers, but those who will, and want, and work, are more likely to see their plans and visions realized.

It is, therefore, a disturbing reflection that in our own day the amount of effort, interest, preparation, and sheer slogging hard work which the Communists tend to put into the task of building *their* version of world order very greatly exceeds what we are ready to do or the sacrifices we are prepared to make. Even more obviously, their vision of a world brotherhood made one by Communism outstrips the scale of our imagination. The West thinks only marginally in terms of the whole world, the whole family of man.

IF WE ARE to face the vast gap between the rich nations and the poor, between the nations round the Atlantic area which have been through their modernizing revolutions and the searching nations all around the world who seek desperately to make the same transition, perhaps the first decision we have to make is to abandon the fallacy that, somewhere, somehow, everything is going to turn out all right. We have to be ready to be as foresighted, as determined, as ready to work and to go on working, as are our busy Communist comrades. We must be prepared to match them, policy for policy, vision for vision, ideal for ideal.

I must confess that I can see no inherent reason why such a re-dedication of ourselves to great tasks should be impossible. We have the resources available; we have more resources at our disposal than any group of nations in the history of man. And it is hard to believe that we have run out of the moral energy needed to make the change. Looking at our society I certainly do not feel that it already presents such an image of the good life that we can afford to say that we have contributed all that we can to the vision of a transfigured humanity. Our uncontrollably sprawling cities, our shapeless suburbia, our trivial pursuits—quiz shows, TV, the golf games—hardly add up to the final end of man.

Let us suppose, however, that we slough off our innate complacency. What ought we to try to do? What should be our aim in the challenging testing-period that lies ahead when the aspirations of the poor nations are going to become more and more urgent? For let us have no doubt about this. So far we have been living through the more comfortable phase of transformation in the under-developed areas; we have seen them during a time when their concentrated effort to get rid of colonialism gave them political unity and a sense of national purpose which they may well lack now that independence is achieved. Now that they are running their own affairs, all the grim problems of life face them in the raw.

Every leader who has led his nation to the overthrow of Western influence or colonial rule is now faced with the stark problem: "What next?" Whether he is a Nasser in Egypt, a Kassim in Iraq, an Azikiwe in Nigeria, a Nkrumah in Ghana, or even—in a more hopeful setting—a Nehru in India, he still must answer the question. There are no evasions now, no blaming it on the West—though that temptation continues—no looking for outside scapegoats. So, by a paradox, the post-colonial period is more tense, dangerous, and uncertain than the colonial struggle itself.

WHAT CAN we do? What sort of policies can help the developing nations in the crucial years that lie ahead? And if I give you something of a shorthand answer, it is because we have already discussed a number of the crucial changes that must be made. Let us be clear first of all over the general aim. During the next twenty to thirty years we hope to see a majority of the developing nations pass through the sound-barrier of sustained growth. Moreover, we want these societies to have political elbow-room with a measure of autonomy for different groups and political power organized on a plural basis. We do not specify institutions or ideologies; but we hope for open societies in an open world. How shall we set about it?

The first point to make is that some general strategy is needed. And strategy is inseparable from a sustained effort through time. The rhythm of growth is not the rhythm of annual budgeting appropriations. Unless the Western nations bring themselves to accept the need for five- and ten-year programs, they will even waste what they do spend, for it will not be geared into a genuine strategy of growth.

The next point is that the scale of aid must be adequate. Patchy development, a little here, a little there, does not lead to sustained growth. In every developing economy, there comes a time when, for perhaps two decades, a "big push" is needed to get the economy off the launching-pad and into orbit.

Not all nations come to that point at the same time. There seems to be a certain pattern of progress and expansion, and different economies are ranged at different points along the line. First there is a phase that one might call the "pre-investment" phase. Nearly everything needed for a "big push" in investment is still lacking. Educated people are not available, training is minimal, capital overheads or infra-structure—power, transport, harbors, housing—have still to be built. At this stage, the country must be prepared for a later plunge into investment, and help with education and training, investment in infra-structure, surveys of resources, and some preliminary planning, are the great needs.

But at the next stage—where such countries as India

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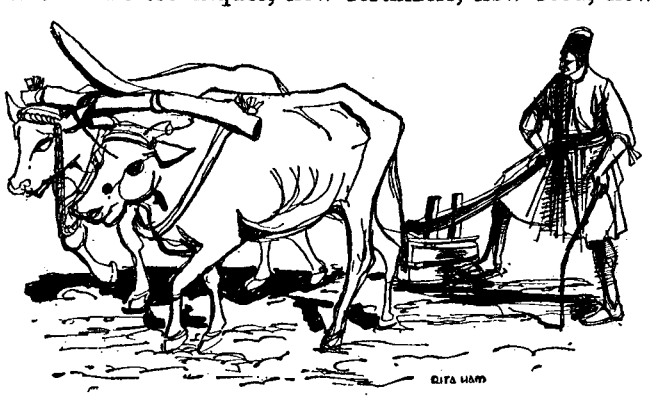
or Brazil or Mexico now stand—the big investments begin to pay off. The ground is laid, rapid growth can be secured. It is at this point that large-scale capital aid from abroad can offset local poverty and lack of capital, thereby sparing governments the cruel choice of using totalitarian methods to compel people to save. Of all the countries at this stage of growth, I would say that India is the most important. The framework of a functioning economy is already built. But its ambitious capital plans are gravely endangered by a critical shortage of foreign exchange. In any Western development-strategy for the next decade, I myself would hope to see something like a billion dollars a year reserved for India's foreign exchange bill. If one adds Pakistan, more than half the problem of underdevelopment could be met there in the Indian subcontinent.

GIVEN THAT we accept the philosophy of a "big push" in aid and investment, once the pre-conditions of growth have been realized, where should the capital be directed? It is quite impossible to define a general strategy since each country varies so much in its capacities, in its endowment of resources, in the scale of its internal market, and its export prospects. But perhaps one or two general points are worth making here.

The first is that investment in education must continue to receive strong emphasis. Recent studies suggest that between fifty and sixty per cent of the gains in productivity made in the West in the last half-century spring from better trained minds, from more research, and more systematic use of the economy's brain-power. At present, most of the developing economies are only in the very first stages of the needed advance in education.

A second critical area is that of farming. Modernized agriculture is, as we have seen, indispensable to the creation of general momentum in the economy. There are two separate needs: to encourage the structural changes which modern agriculture demands—the land reforms, the consolidation of holdings, the building of an influential co-operative movement; and to ensure a sufficient flow of capital into farming. The great variety of modern techniques, new fertilizers, new seed, new methods in planting and tilling, are nearly all costly. So is the scale of credit needed to launch a successful co-operative system. So last of all are the agricultural extension systems.



The third area of expansion—industry—shows such universal variety that most generalizations have little value. However, one or two comments have some validity. One can say that industrialization will proceed more rapidly if a mistaken sense of national prestige does not precipitate large and costly mistakes in planning, such as investing in an integrated steel-works where there is neither iron ore nor coking-coal. Programs will lead to a better use of resources if capital is recognized for what it is in all developing economies: extremely scarce.

Another aspect of the same problem is that since foreign exchange is the scarcest of all forms of capital, it may be necessary, by high import duties or by auctioning import licenses, or by other measures, to ensure that the entrepreneur who gets his hands on foreign exchange pays for its full value.

A developing government should aim its policies at ensuring the quickest rate of capital accumulation. Profits should be strongly encouraged, in public as in private enterprise, and tax-systems arranged so that all the incentives are towards their reinvestment. This again does not always arouse much enthusiasm among planners brought up to believe in the inherent immorality of profits and ready to run essential public services on a "no profit, no loss" basis. But profits are one of the chief means by which resources can be put at the disposal of the investors in society.

When it comes to the actual content of industrial policy, it must fit local conditions. Most countries can begin to produce locally some of the goods they import, provided protection is given. But large-scale industry depends upon the availability of crucial raw materials. And it depends, too, upon the scale of the internal market. Five large steel-plants in India, where over four hundred million people make up the market and where iron ore and coking-coal are available, make perfect sense. East Europe's proliferation of steel-mills after 1948 did not.

To all these changes—in education, in farming, in industry—there are more than economic consequences. Investment in men, investment in new techniques, investment in new forms of activity, all widen and strengthen the managerial and professional class and increase the training and scope of the manual worker. That gradual extension of the middle class to cover more and more of the nation's citizens is set in motion. With it goes a brighter hope of rational politics and civil rights.

THESE, THEN, are some of the elements in a broad strategy of modernization. But I think we have to realize

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that we in the Western world are not now organized to accomplish anything of the kind. It may be true that for nearly a hundred years we have been a kind of interconnected economy, taking some seventy per cent of each other's foreign investment, engrossing nearly seventy per cent of world trade, and affecting each other radically by the shifts and changes in our economic policy. But here Mr. Micawber has reigned; here, above all, we have assumed that if everybody pursues his own national interest to the limit the outcome will somehow be to the advantage of everybody else. But this is very far from being generally true. The depression itself had been in some measure sparked by the fact that between 1925 and 1929 Britain did not dare reflate its economy for fear of losing its foreign reserves and America dared not deflate its wild boom for fear of attracting even more of the world's gold.

Now if we think that this unreconciled opposite pull between domestic and foreign interest is a thing of the past, let us remember that all through 1960 we saw comparable pressures between the German mark and the dollar. In short, we have not yet worked out the policies and institutions needed to overcome the conflicting interest in our interdependent Atlantic world. In fact, only once did we have such a policy: during the Marshall Plan.

TODAY, I believe we have to revive the Marshall spirit if we are to have any hope of dealing—and dealing in time—with the problem of our obligations to the underdeveloped areas. Once again, I can suggest only in shorthand terms some of the policies we should undertake if we were a genuine community of rich nations dedicated to the task of creating the prosperity and the well-being of the developing world. And perhaps I should add, in parenthesis, that doing so we should expand our own well-being as well. To me, one of the most vivid proofs that there is a moral governance in the universe is the fact that when men or governments work intelligently and far-sightedly for the good of others, they achieve their own prosperity too. Take our Western experience with the welfare state. We did not plan to do it as a good stroke of business. It was a moral decision with ancient antecedents. Yet one of the consequences has been to reduce business risks.

I believe we should see the same outcome if in world economy we could determine to build up the purchasing power of the poorer nations. We should find that, once again, our own prosperity had been helped by the underpinning of world consumption and by the creation of a world economy free from the ups and downs, the uncertainties and incoherences, of the system as we know it today.

"Honesty is the best policy" used to be said in Victorian times. I would go further. I would say that generosity is the best policy and that expansion of opportunity sought for the sake of others ends by bringing well-being and expansion to oneself. The dice are not hopelessly loaded against us. Our morals and our interests—seen in true perspective—do not pull apart. Only the narrowness of our own interests, whether personal or national, blinds us to this moral truth.

Shorter History Of Western Civilization

Egyptians
Babylonians
Persians

Egyptians
Babylonians
Persians

Jews &
Greeks

Jews &
Greeks

Egyptians
Babylonians
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THOMAS R. BROOKS

The Shorter Work Week

Its purpose is not more leisure but more jobs

WILL THIS be the year of the shorter work week? A good many people, including President John F. Kennedy, are saying "No." But an increasing number of trade unionists, worried about the impact of automation on jobs, agree with James O'Hara, secretary of the Shorter Work Week Committee of the New York City Central Labor Council, who says: "It's inevitable, so why not now?"

Mr. O'Hara contends that some 1.8 million people are going to lose their jobs next year as a result of automation. When you add that number to those already unemployed, part-time workers who wish they were working full time and new job entrants, he argues, "You have to create 9-million or more jobs for 1962 alone. How are we going to do it?" And he answers, "You can't get it [full employment] without the shorter work week."

But achieving a shorter work week is proving as difficult for the trade unions as reaching full employment is for the economy. The issue has been raised several times within the past few years in bargaining only to be dropped. In December, blustery Michael J. Quill, president of the Transport Workers Union, blew up a storm for the shorter work week for New York City's subway and bus employees, only to give it up in return for a guarantee against layoffs. What Mike Quill did, others have done in a less exaggerated fashion; the last two auto negotiations—in 1958 and 1961—can be cited as cases in point.

The New York electricians, however, apparently departed from labor's usual form in this matter when they achieved a twenty-five hour work week after a short strike in January. The manager of Local 3, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Harry Van Arsdale is a man with a sense of history and a desire to make his mark on its pages. "We can't negotiate for the rest of the country," he says, "but we can set an example for the rest of the country to follow."

The example set by Local 3 was pretty good by most standards even before the nine thousand construction electricians decided to walk off the job. The Local has had a contractual six-hour day since 1934, and the electricians have regularly worked a seventh hour at time-and-a-half of their $4.40 straight-time wage. Apprenticeships are so tightly controlled by the union that Local 3 has had to bring in some 2,000 out-of-town electricians to fill a serious shortage. Local 3, which is something more than a junior partner but something less than a full partner in electrical contracting, had little trouble in securing its demand for a cut in the work week. Other unions, however, do not possess anything like an equivalent power.

But even though Local 3's victory may be a special case, the question of the shorter work week once again has been raised. Workers, no doubt, will rally around the issue if summoned, and management is sure to unfurl its banners in opposition.

ODDLY ENOUGH, the Kennedy Administration's opposition to the shorter-work week may, in the end, do much to keep the issue alive on the nation's bargaining tables. For a time, at the beginning of the new Administration, it seemed that the unions were in a unique position to press for legislative gains to offset setbacks in collective bargaining. The unions historically have made this swing into political action whenever economic action became too difficult (and *vice versa*), and the shorter-work week as an issue has a long history of this kind. Employers were getting tougher and it seemed that Washington might be softer, so expectations ran high on the unionized portions of the New Frontier.

But President Kennedy himself shut the door smartly on hopes for a legislated shorter work week. "I am hopeful," he declared, "that we can have employment high five days a week, and forty hours, which is traditional in this country, and which is necessary if we are going to continue economic growth. . . . I would be opposed to any arbitrary reduction in the work week."

The President and his economic advisors are convinced that cutting the work week to create jobs as the unions are demanding would impede economic growth. Worried over the competitive position of American goods in foreign markets, the Administration shares the business community's fears that shortening the work week to spread work will only serve to increase costs and give a boost to inflation. Labor-management contracts, the President recently stated, "should be settled within the realm of productivity increases, so that there would be a beneficial effect on price stability." Local 3's contract, he added, is to be "regretted" because it did not meet this standard.

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The unions, then, have little choice but to raise the issue as best they can in collective bargaining. They have little enough to bargain over in wages, and even improvements in already-won fringe benefits are no longer substantial issues. Defensively, the unions have rallied their members against management attacks on work practices issues and the like. But in terms of offense, the unions have no issue, no new breakthrough to advocate—except the shorter work week. Indeed, union militants argue that the value of the shorter work week issue lies in the chance that it will revive the old crusader spirit.

"We cannot," reads a recent AFL-CIO resolution, "close our eyes to the evidence of the new technology's impact, the coming of youngsters into the labor market, and the inability of existing economic policies to achieve full employment. We believe attention must be directed now to obtaining a substantial reduction of standard working hours in the 1960's." When the choice is between "cutting employment or cutting hours," the AFL-CIO resolution declares, "the reduction of hours without a loss of pay must be an ingredient of our attack on unemployment."

THE CATCH, of course, is the phrase "without loss of pay," for in steel and a great many other industries workers are already working short weeks and averaging over the year less than the standard forty hours a week. "We don't mind a shorter work week," one steel executive says, "but what the union wants is forty hours pay for thirty-two hours work." It is at this addition to employment costs that management balks.

Industry spokesmen no longer protest, as National Association of Manufacturers president John E. Edgerton did in 1926, that the shorter work week is immoral, "an unworthy ideal." They concede that a short work week is inevitable in the future. But as an N.A.M. statement on the shorter work week warns, "It is well to remember that even a gradual and moderate reduction in the work week has its price."

The unions vigorously dispute this. Productivity born of automation makes the short week both feasible and a necessity, union men argue. The AFL-CIO estimates that up to fifteen per cent of its twelve and a half million members now put in a contractual work week of less than forty hours. About ninety-seven per cent of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union membership is on a thirty-five hour week; the printing unions, by and large, are down to thirty-seven hours and to thirty-five hours in many cases; a goodly number of brewery workers, building craftsmen, bakers, newspaper publishing employees, office workers and municipal administrative and clerical employees enjoy a work week shorter than forty hours. A six-hour day, thirty-six hour week has been in effect in Akron's rubber plants since management introduced it as a philanthropic gesture to spread whatever work was available during the depression of the thirties.

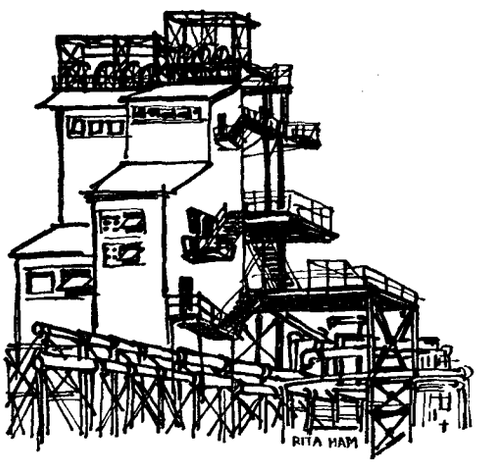
Actually, many millions more than those covered by shorter work week clauses in labor contracts work less than the standard forty-hour work week. Take, for example, steel. Steelworkers haven't averaged forty hours of work a week over a year in thirty years except in 1951, when they hit 40.2, and the three wartime years of 1943-1944-1945 when the steel workmen averaged 43.0, 46.7 and 44.2 respectively. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, some 11.9 million workers in October 1961 worked less than thirty-four hours a week, averaging twenty-four hours a week. The shorter work week is a reality, possibly a harsh one, for many.

INDUSTRY opposes the shorter work week out of fear that a cut in hours would add to total employment costs. It must be said, however, that industry already pays for a part of the reduced work week now experienced by many workers.

Overtime, for example, is one of the ways of making up the income lost on short weeks and bringing annual income up to what working a standard forty-hour work week year-long might bring. When Congress established the forty-hour week in 1938 it was considered a penalty imposed on the employer to discourage long hours. But with the wartime wage freeze—and cost-plus contracts—overtime ceased to be a penalty on the employer and became an essential for the worker. This change was made permanent by the postwar economic boom and the new world of administered prices.

But the recession has crimped family budgets built on overtime—even in cases where the worker is lucky enough not to be laid off. Automation is making further cuts into overtime opportunities. This explains why it seems as though it is a passion to preserve overtime that moves trade union leaders to plead the case for the shorter work week, rather than a desire to create more employment.

Overtime, of course, is not the only way industry pays for short work time. Premium time for night shifts is



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another. In aircraft, for example, the third-shift workers are on a 6½ hour schedule but are paid for a full eight hours. A similar system is in operation in the telephone industry and others.

Construction workers' call-in time—that is, pay for a half-day or full day if they are called in to work but find no work available because of bad weather or other reasons—and the mineworkers' portal-to-portal pay also fall into this category. Longer vacations and more holidays are other ways of shortening work time on an annual basis. Supplementary unemployment benefits, too, help maintain annual income in the face of cutbacks in working time.

Pensions, too, may be said to fall into this category by reducing a worker's life-work time. Lowering the retirement age cuts work time and may create jobs more effectively than shortening the work week. And industry helps foot the bill for this device through union-negotiated pensions.

Nonetheless, management is adamant in its opposition to a cut in the work week, especially if take-home pay is to be maintained. So far, the Kennedy Administration is on management's side. This seriously inhibits the unions' case for the shorter work week.

In past struggles for a shorter work week, labor won widespread public support for a shorter work week by arguing that working "sun-up to sun down" or, later, ten hours a day was too arduous, allowed little or no time for "improvement." Ira Steward, an energetic Boston machinist who agitated for the ten-hour-day in the 1830's, introduced the notion that if hours went down, employment would go up. Today, however, Steward's argument is almost the only one. "We aren't fighting for more leisure," says Walter P. Reuther; "we are fighting for more jobs." But the public so far appears to be unconcerned.

"Labor," argues the president of the United Auto Workers, "ought to fight to reduce the level of the work week until every American who is willing and able to work has a job in the American economy." To achieve this, Mr. Reuther has proposed a national fund financed by a one per cent tax of payroll. Whenever national unemployment rises above a "normal" level, the work week is automatically dropped until full employment is reached. Employers would draw out of the national fund money to maintain forty hours' pay at the new work week level. Since Reuther can't expect the Kennedy Administration to take up this proposition at the moment, he also suggests that similar funds could be set up industry-by-industry through collective bargaining.

THE NEXT TEST for any such venturesomeness on the part of organized labor will occur when steel bargaining gets underway in the spring. The steel industry, in the person of Roger M. Blough, chairman of the board of United States Steel Corp., has already set down a preliminary barrage against the shorter work week in the industry. David J. McDonald, United Steelworkers president, rather defensively has declared that a cut in the work week is a *sine qua non* of further progress in the industry and the nation.

Steel management's opposition to cutting the work week with no loss in take-home pay could force a strike. But the Kennedy Administration is hard at work both to avoid a strike, and to avoid an "inflationary" settlement. It is, perhaps, worth noting that Mr. Blough is as vehement about attacking the thirty-two hour week as Mr. McDonald is careful about not committing himself to a hard figure. Also, when it comes to "fish or cut bait," the unions aren't noticeably eager to attract Presidential displeasure, particularly on collective bargaining matters.

This does not mean, however, that there won't be any shortening of work *time* for steel workers this year and as a result a pattern set for others. Steelworkers' vacations—at present three weeks after fifteen years—might be improved. There is in collective bargaining some movement toward four- and five-week vacations for top seniority people. The steel workforce, as is the case in most manufacturing, is getting older and possesses more seniority. Consequently, for them to win a lengthening of vacations at fifteen years or more would be a real gain.

Partial pay for short work weeks, as it now exists in the auto industry, is another possibility in steel. Auto workers on a short work week get sixty-five per cent of their regular pay for the time lost. This is another step in the direction of a shorter work week and can be a face-saving solution for union leaders too far out on the short work week limb.

But whether or not these solutions, or a shorter work week for that matter, will result in more jobs, or even in the spreading of available work among the presently employed, is doubtful. Elwood E. Phelps, research director of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers, cites the oil industry experience in the 1930's. Hours worked in the industry dropped from forty to thirty-six, but "the little rise that did come in employment was soon dissipated through the technological processes which were installed."

Mr. O'Hara, the indefatigable secretary of New York's Shorter Work Week Committee, gloomily notes that when his own Hotel Trades Council succeeded in securing the thirty-five hour week for hotel maintenance workers in 1960 there was "a tendency on the part of the employers to pay the extra hours in overtime rather than to take on new people." Others report the same experience.

What labor can look forward to, then, is a gradual attrition of the work week. But the great fight is still some time off.

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"The World of Teilhard"

Baltimore, Md.

TO THE EDITORS: I was pleased to note your review of *The World of Teilhard* [Dec. 29]. However, in reviewing my book, I feel that Mr. Arnold limited his review to only one of the three vital facets of this symposium which deals with the science and theology of Teilhard as well as with his philosophical impact. In editing *The World of Teilhard,* I tried to find men who were quite familiar with Teilhard's synthesis and with their own specialty. Thus it is natural that they would be favorably impressed with his work despite the fact that they do find faults, flaws, and lacunae in it.

Mr. Arnold confined himself to the philosophical aspects of the work and at the same time criticized the whole work for points he did not find in this one facet. He made no mention of the theological critiques offered by Gustave Weigel, S.J., and J. Edgar Bruns who explore some of the serious points of question stirred up by Teilhard in the field of theological speculation. In this limited view, he also ignored the pointed and quite valid criticisms of Teilhard's Lamarckian genetics and "scientific mysticism" offered by Richard Balek, a biochemist, and Paulinus Forsthoefel, S.J., a geneticist.

I am certain if Mr. Arnold had appraised the scientific and theological essays in this collection he would have found the over-all impression much more critical; for the contributors are not nearly as favorable as he claims. *The World of Teilhard* has three faces and ignoring any of them leaves a very false picture.

(*Rev.*) Robert Francoeur

Stamford, Conn.

TO THE EDITORS: Concerning the review by Walter Edward Arnold, Jr., of the recently published critique, *The World of Teilhard* [Dec. 29], may I say that as a student of history I am distressed on three counts.

First, it is hard to accept Mr. Arnold's view that "there is something unhistorical, even anti-historical about Teilhard's thought." Also, that Professor Walsh's treatment of Teilhard's work is such that *The Phenomenon of Man* "can no longer have any interest for the historian." Far from being unhistorical, Teilhard's work is bedded in history as it is in Earth and Time, the *mis-en-scène* of human life. As Professor Walsh puts it, "there is no such thing as the earth before history"; history, like time, begins with the earth so that "the earth *is* history" and "history becomes life." Teilhard's view is so long that all of human history is rehearsed in a few pages in his stupendous saga. But this is not to suggest its insignificance but rather the tremulous truth that human life has barely begun and that its term is without comprehension.

Secondly, may I suggest that Dr. Walsh uses the word "end" (the end of man, the end of History) in the eschatological and not in any temporo-terminal sense? The Teilhardian view, far from ending the historian's search, gives it an entirely new dimension—indeed, a new beginning and a new life.

Finally, it seems ungracious to be disappointed that these explorations of Teilhardian themes do not exhaust the Teilhardian world. As Mr. Arnold himself suggests in quoting Father LaFarge's paper, the absence of critical companionship to a man of Teilhard's vision is not only lamentable but inevitable. It is evolutionally too soon perhaps for Teilhard to have many peers! If the view of Teilhard's world is not, as Mr. Arnold regrets, clarified in this volume, it is possibly because the immeasurable deeps and incalculable ramifications of his thought are being the more suggested, explored and exposed. A "clear view of the world of Teilhard" which the reviewer looks for is perhaps that century's work—and more—which he alludes to at the end of his review, and not possible among the first papers that Teilhard's Englished works have fathered among scholars in such diversified fields. We suggest that the concert of effort and interest as evidenced in this volume is itself Teilhardian in its performance and promise.

Teilhard has been called the pilgrim of the future; these contributors are perhaps honoring the prophet in his own country.

Joan B. Quick

The Author Replies

New York, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: It is not easy to know what would count as a satisfactory reply to the distinguished editor of *The World of Teilhard* in his criticisms of my review. To begin, I must be counted a lay reader of Teilhard de Chardin and of the essays on his life and work by the various professional contributors to Father Francoeur's interesting book. I had only one way to appraise them, and that critically in the wide sense. A critical reading is the only kind with which most of us can hope to come to terms with the total effort of such a book.

The point of view of any such reading is indeed philosophical, and is the one most appropriate to a book which offers itself as a critique, as does *The World of Teilhard.* That my *point of view* was thus philosophical

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is one thing, but that my *concern* with the book was confined to its philosophical aspects, as Father Francoeur alleges, is quite another thing, and one which I must deny. The fact that in a review of such a diverse collection one must choose to cite only what one considers especially relevant does not prevent his judgments on the work as a whole from reflecting his reading of the book as a whole.

I can only assure Father Francoeur that I did appraise the scientific and theological essays in his collection but did not feel it essential to deal with them in a first evaluation. I found the article, "Beneath the Microscope," by Father Forsthoefel a good summary of the grievances biologists must find with Teilhard's understanding of genetics and with his whole interpretation of "pre-hominid evolution." Yet the conclusions one can draw from his article and from Dr. Balek's do not differ substantially from Dr. Reilly's more general conclusions, which I considered at length, since they dealt directly with Teilhard's crucial claim for the "scientific" support of his vision.

Frankly, I found the essays by the theologians as well as those by the psychiatrists to be rather pointless. I must protest once again that I found the over-all impression of the book peculiarly uncritical in the best sense of that word. That is too bad, as Teilhard's great work has been prevented from receiving its deserved attention by a wave of uncritical enthusiasm.

I am all the more grateful, then, for Miss Quick's intelligent misgivings about my review. For she gives me a chance to say just what that "something" is that struck me as unhistorical and anti-historical in Teilhard's thought. Perhaps I cannot say, except that when I read, for example, M. Denis de Rougemont's *Man's Western Quest* I am continually aware of the exigencies of history, a thing which I am unaware of to the point of uneasiness in reading *The Phenomenon of Man.*

I think the lack of a sense of the historical is consequent upon Teilhard's notorious failure to give to evil its major rôle in the world theater. Teilhard considers the mystery of evil in a postscript to his study. That is hardly the place which a student of history could conscionably assign to it. To even the most casual of such students the major fact about history is that in large part it appears criminal. So I would agree with Miss Quick that Earth and Time are present in their deepest being in Teilhard's thought. The *mise-en-scène* of history is there, magnificent and ideal, but not the tragic players, nor the play, which is, after all, the thing in history as on the stage.

Curiously, however, this lack does not seem to me to affect Teilhard's great work very much, since in that work he is unhistorical, precisely because he is anti-historical. That is, his study of the phenomenon of man is made almost *in spite of* the criminality of history, in spite of what man himself in his radical freedom has tried to accomplish in the way of thwarting man's most noble aspirations. It is almost too clear that Teilhard has gone beyond history and is nearer to having given us a philosophy of history. His view of man's place in history is really transcendental to any particular episode.

That Teilhard's major work is thus profoundly anti-historical is nowhere more evident than in his ardent desire to justify man's best hopes by projecting the lines of his vision into the future. In what appears as prophetic wisdom, Teilhard's thought has recourse to that in which all genuinely anti-historical thought presents itself, whether it be classical Greek or Indian, namely, myth. But, as I have indicated in my review that says nothing against its truth-value.

I am now prepared to agree with Miss Quick that Teilhard's thought can have the greatest value for the reflective historian, just because it does stand outside history and is not dependent upon strict historical verification for its truth. His impressive vision is, properly speaking, "eschatological," though, as to Miss Quick's second criticism of my review, I still think that Prof. Walsh has not sufficiently separated the "end" as Teilhard sees it from the lines of the story as we know it, making it harder for the historian to accept Teilhard's view. As for Miss Quick's third and last criticism, I must plead "not guilty." Happily, she herself acquits me of the charge in the rest of her remarks. Nevertheless, I am grateful for the chance of agreeing with her that Teilhard's view, "far from ending the historian's search, gives it an entirely new dimension."

WALTER E. ARNOLD, JR.

THE SCREEN

Who Is Free?

IT IS amazing how much compassion Andre Cayatte has squeezed into the latest of his films to be shown in this country. However, anyone familiar with this French director's socially conscious earlier movies won't be too surprised. One doesn't necessarily agree with all the Cayatte arguments, but his well-made pictures have a stimulating quality and concern for his fellow men that attracted audiences to "The Lovers of Verona," "Justice Is Done" and "We Are All Murderers."

"Tomorrow Is My Turn" (Showcorporation) continues M. Cayatte's studies of mankind and is particularly concerned with the meaning of liberty and freedom to two men. In spite of its very involved script, co-authored by director Cayatte, and crowded story, it has time for some extremely warm and moving scenes; and I like it best of all the Cayatte films I've seen.

The story starts in 1939-40 Paris. Hitler invades Poland. France mobilizes. And the camera, always well

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directed by Cayatte who makes us see what he wants us to know, introduces the two main characters: Jean, a worldly-wise, handsome journalist who believes freedom is worth fighting for and enlists in spite of the pleas of his paramour and publisher; and Roger, an unimpressive-looking pastry cook, a sort of henpecked sad-sack who works, like a depressing Gorki character, in his father-in-law's basement bakery, a business worth fighting for, since he will one day inherit it.

The night before the two men march away in uniform, Jean and his mistress make love; but Roger and his wife don't—because her mama said to be careful. The next scene shows both men as prisoners marching across the Rhine and into the interior of Germany. Eventually they are interned on German farms.

After the first tensions are over, Roger gets along fine at the burgomaster's farm where he works and becomes friendly with the whole family, especially with their attractive young daughter Helga. Jean, on the other hand, more interested in girls and his plan to escape than in shoveling manure, gets into trouble on his first farm and is also sent to the burgomaster's where he charms Helga with his good looks and easy manner—and uses her shamefully to make his escape.

Roger, although properly patriotic and anxious to get home, refuses to go with him and to hurt this kind German family by disgracing their daughter. Jean reaches Paris, is active with the Resistance, becomes an editor after the liberation. Helga, unjustly sentenced to prison for consorting with the enemy, returns to find Roger running their farm after her father was drafted into the dwindling German army. And Roger, happily kept busy and assuming responsibilities as head of this family, tries to make the girl forget her hurt—and is actually saddened when he is liberated by the advancing French.

The plot is much more complicated than I have indicated, but one of the most remarkable things about this extraordinary French movie is Cayatte's success in shifting back and forth between Jean and Roger and then tying up all the details in the intricate story and characterizations. In Paris after the war, neither man enjoys the happiness and freedom he thought he was fighting for. With the picture's ironical finale, Cayatte is no doubt saying that liberty is in the eye of the beholder.

Beholders of "Tomorrow Is My Turn" may not agree with its conclusions, but they are certain to be absorbed by this lengthy, skillfully-made film and the fortunes of Jean and Roger. Handsome Georges Riviere plays the sophisticated, coolly-calculating newspaper man well and is at his best when outsmarting people or frustrated by events not in his schemes. As Helga, Cordula Trantow registers just the right touches of sweet innocence, naiveté and misguided trust.

But if the picture belongs to any actor it is to Charles Aznavour who makes Roger change and grow before one's eyes as the story develops. While Jean is all surface charm, Roger's charm comes from within. Aznavour's soulful eyes could melt anyone, so it is no wonder that Roger soon impresses the German family with his good will. But in Cayatte's film there are no enemies, just people doing the best they can with what they have while searching for a modicum of happiness and freedom.

A NEW American film is also filled with great compassion. "The Outsider" (Universal), based on William Bradford Huie's *The Hero of Iwo Jima*, tells the story of Ira Hayes, the Pima Indian who left his reservation to join the Marines and was one of the six men to raise the American flag at Mt. Suribachi. Shortly after that day in February, 1945, Ira and two other survivors of that event were yanked out of the thick of fighting to return to the United States and pep up the war-bond drives.

Ira was by no means ready for this kind of hero worship and high-powered American publicity. The simple, rather naive young man, already feeling guilt because his best friend was killed at Iwo Jima, found the adulation too difficult to take—and also found nips from the bottle soothing to his nerves. As the bond drive and drinking went on, Ira became an alcoholic. After several attempts to straighten himself out, he died ten years later of dissipation and exposure.

Under Delbert Mann's excellent direction, "The Outsider" tells this moving story, a factual tale made particularly touching by the stirring performance of Tony Curtis in the lead role and by the disturbing situation of the waste of a national figure. No doubt Hayes was right in insisting that he was not a hero, but just a dutiful Marine who happened to be there when the flag was raised. But in a way, Hayes is a symbol of all heroes—and, in another way, a symbol of all unready men shoved into a limelight beyond their understanding.

Sy Bartlett's production, much of which was photographed at the Pima-Maricopa Indian Reservation in Arizona, is excellent throughout. Outstanding in the large supporting cast is James Franciscus as Ira's good friend killed in battle. It is hard to say which is the most moving scene in this highly emotional film—the Pimas' rejection of Ira after he fails them in Washington, or Ira's meeting with his good friend's mother during a bond drive, or the unaffected statement and an-

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swer of the two Marines when they first realize they are buddies. Ira remarks, "You're the first white man who was my friend." And the other replies, "You're the first Indian who was mine." PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE STAGE

The Trouble with Strindberg

IF IT IS difficult to do Ibsen properly on our stages, it seems almost impossible to do Strindberg in the right way. Of course even the Scandinavians find Strindberg's fantasies and expressionistic dramas to be slippery propositions for directors and actors, but in this country we can't seem to get at his naturalistic dramas either. Everything has a way of coming out wrong: tone, pace, color, relationships, meaning. And the result is that Strindberg remains known to us in a literary mode chiefly, as a great imbalanced founder of the modern imagination, a precursor whose effect it is possible to trace in the textbooks but whose creations we never take hold of or allow fully to take hold of us.

Of the three great works of his main naturalistic period in the late 1880's—"The Father," "Miss Julie," and "Creditors"—the last would appear to be the one which would be least likely to make us flounder. It is, after all, an astonishingly concise and structurally coherent play, perhaps Strindberg's masterpiece in this respect, and, as a "tragi-comedy," it is neither so turbid with partly unclarified and undramatized emotion as "The Father," nor so grimly "destructive" and intent on combining personal and sociological disaster in a single body as "Miss Julie." Still, the three works do have one difficulty in common.

The trouble is, of course, with Strindberg's kind of naturalism. Even more than Ibsen, he confronts us with the spectacle of plays which while seeming to adhere to naturalistic conventions communicate a sense that something quite beyond naturalistic intentions is being carried forward. It has less to do with action than with character, even though an unsettling change has come over plot as well. As Strindberg wrote in the great preface to "Miss Julie," "What will offend simple minds is that my plot is not simple, nor its point of view single. In real life an action . . . is generally caused by a whole series of motives, more or less fundamental, but as a rule the spectator chooses just one of these—the one which his mind can most readily grasp. . . ."

But inherent in this is the truth that plot and character are aspects of one another, so that if one changes the other must. You cannot have a new dramaturgy without a new conception of character, and for Strindberg, uniting as he did the age's increasing awareness of psychic complexity and social dissolution with a private set of torments of both psychic and social origin, it was the idea of character in drama that underwent the first transformation. In fact, we trace the thing that muddies his work and keeps it from the light of absolute art to his never-resolved struggle to find forms for this new, abstract conception of character; a conception which recent theater has carried to one of its ultimate conclusions.

"Because they are modern characters, living in a period of transition more feverishly hysterical than its predecessor at least, I have drawn my figures vacillating, disintegrated, a blend of old and new." More than this, Strindberg's characters depart from what the stage had been used to by their lack of clear outline, their existence less as persons than as aspects of the psyche and soul, shifting foci of feeling, impulse and will. Inserted as they are into "real" contexts in the naturalistic plays, they strain against these limits and set us the problem of so staging the works as to keep them from flying apart, on the one hand, and to preserve them from the heaviness and darkening effect of detail, narration and verisimilitude on the other.

All this is by way of preface to the judgment that the current revival of "Creditors" does not come off. Its failure is due to the usual causes. It is played as a piece of naturalism, with precise settings and individualized characters. But at the same time, because it has been sensed that something is there that demands liberation from story and straightforward presentation and the illusion of actuality, it is played in an orotund, declamatory style by one of its three actors, in a hoarse, brooding manner by another, and in a half-kittenish, half-tigerish one by the third, all three performances working at cross-purposes in their attempts to shake free of the costumes and the surface of realism.

During the first act (the concession to our short attention-span and need to smoke is deplorable: Strindberg made much of the play's being a single integrated act, and it does, after all, take only an hour and a half to perform) Donald Davis declaiming as Gustav and James Ray brooding as Adolf never once make contact with each other or with us. Only when Rae Allen's sharp and intense Tekla comes on stage does the play break into any kind of life, even if it is never quite the right sort. Miss Allen does at least suggest, by her subtleties, improvisations, charged pauses and abrupt transitions, the complex, wayward vision Strindberg intended—a vision of implacable forces within us and in our relationships, the "creditors" who exact payment for our hungers and our thrusts beyond our limits.

It is difficult to say what has to be done to allow plays like "Creditors" to continue to exist in, or to be revivified for, our theaters. One thing is certain; as Eric Bentley has remarked with his unfailing perception of why things go right or wrong, you have to play Strindberg's naturalistic plays furiously, Dionysiacally, the

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comic aspects as well as the tragic. For it is fatal to allow even a trace of the drawing-room to creep in.

But beyond that, is it too radical to suggest that dramas like these might be presented entirely outside the naturalistic skins in which they were first created? Presented with their passions abstracted, as it were, on base stages and in modern or symbolic dress, with everything cleared for the emergence of those underlying essences, those dreams and nightmares that are still attached here to particular minds and souls but that push unceasingly toward existence in their own right? It will of course not be Strindberg in technical purity, but it may be more of Strindberg than we have been getting. *(At the Mermaid.)*

RICHARD GILMAN

BOOKS

The Many-Roomed Mind of Jean-Louis Barrault

The Theatre of Jean-Louis Barrault. By Jean-Louis Barrault. Hill and Wang. $5.

by Gerald Weales

IF A GOOD mime—Jean-Louis Barrault, say—were to try to present a mimetic approximation of Barrault as writer on the theater, he would need, first of all, to master a difficult rhythm, a combination of the plodding but consequential step of the pedant and the fluttering scamper of the dilettante hurrying from one enthusiasm to another.

Beneath this annoying surface—and it is often a chore to read Barrault—he would need to communicate a phenomenal nervous energy and the suggestion of the kind of intelligence that Barrault as director brings to a production, the toughness of mind that lets him embrace Racine's dictum: "Never put anything in drama which is not absolutely necessary." It is too bad that he does not recognize that Racine's advice would serve for the theatrical commentator as well.

I see my proposed pantomime of the Barrault style as using three main movements. One is an incredible rise that lifts the mime completely off the floor without quite letting him reach the empyrean toward which he seems to be striving. This is the lyric Barrault who, in the middle of a discussion of a play or a production, will suddenly find himself moved by the enormity of the work before him, its richness or its beauty, and, gushing like a lady at a literary tea, will pour out metaphor after metaphor until, with the wreckage of his own enthusiasm around him, he can only mutter once again that it is lovely and return to look at the work itself.

The second movement is a twitch, a gesture that contains both surprise and pleasure; this is the physical equivalent of the ideational tic which forces Barrault into continued repetition. I am not thinking simply of the fact that the new collection is often repetitious of the earlier *Reflections on the Theatre*, but of Barrault's habit of coming, always with surprise, on one of the truths (and/or bromides) which are so important to him—for instance, that love is the necessary motivation for any production—the love of the actor for the work, the craftsman for the craft. The third movement and the one that makes reading Barrault a pleasure and a profit is the sudden quick dart of penetration, the step forward into illumination.

A single example can serve as an indication of what is most annoying and most appealing about Barrault's writing. In his discussion of the *Oresteia*, he spends several pages describing an occult service that he attended in Brazil. His imprecision is apparent in these sentences: "The audience was composed of Negro women of all ages—a good few of them were probably maids or employees of some kind, Negroes who were also workers or employees, all very clean, and many Europeans. There were as many men as there were women . . ."

As he writes (or talks, for the passage sounds either like a speech made from notes or the conscious attempt to suggest such informality), the audience changes color and then sex, but his fascination with what is going on remains unchanged. The importance of his description is the bizarre relationship that he finds between what he saw in Brazil and what he sees in the *Oresteia*, between, say, the trance-like dance of the Brazilian initiate and the prophetic seizure of Cassandra. This kind of intuitive quality in Barrault is at war with his determination to drag in dates and events, the historical paraphernalia of the conventional French literary scholar, to explain the intuition.

The pedant is visible not only in the patient presentation of biographical and historical material, but also in the fondness for paradigms, lists, charts, the mechanics of knowledge. If his near-scholarship is often more serious-sounding than informative, his comparisons and surprise relationships are often less illuminating than his discovery, of say, Aeschylus in a hall in Rio de Janeiro.

Ideas that interest him elbow their way into discussions where they have no place. Thus the cyclical theory of history gets imposed on theater history in his essay "How Drama is Born Within Us," just as alchemy came creeping into the earlier volume of *Reflections*. Barrault can describe the rhythm of the *Oresteia* by finding an analogy in the sex act and in the growth of a storm, but the analogy turns out to be not only of little use to an understanding of the *Oresteia*, but inconsistent within its own terms. On the other hand, a long discussion of *Phèdre* as a symphony helps, for all the nonsense of the musical analogy, to make clear the dramatic rhythm of that play.

Reflections on the Theatre had structure of a kind, an autobiographical string on which Barrault strung mixed beads of personal reminiscence, practical advice and metaphysical musings. *The Theatre of Jean-Louis Barrault* has no such con-

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sistency. It is a gathering of disparate pieces. There are good things in it—memories of Claudel, descriptions of particular plays (*Pour Lucrèce*, for instance)—and much that is dull, although even in the less happy selections sudden insights appear.

The book is most useful, I suppose, in its presentation of Barrault himself. Here, as in *Reflections*, the man of the theater—the producer, the director, the actor—takes shape in often unlikely contexts. He stands out as a remarkable eclectic ("I hate formulae"), influenced by the ideas of Stanislavski, Craig, Copeau, by direct contact with Dullin, Artaud, Decroux, Sartre, Claudel, Gide. His faith in the total theater includes an equal respect for mime and diction, for the gesture and the word, and for the use of all the other theatrical elements (lights, costumes, sets, music, film) as contributions to the play, not decorations on it.

Finally, he insists on the central importance of the actor, the human performer's potential for presenting all that is human and much that is not (as in *Christophe Colomb*), and —unusual in a man so willing to use all the devices of spectacle—the primacy of the playwright. *The Theatre of Jean-Louis Barrault* is frequently trying, but it serves to remind us of the theater of Jean-Louis Barrault, which we have not seen enough of in this country, and this is both gratifying and—since our theater is so organized that a group like the Renaud-Barrault Company is an impossibility—saddening.

If A Seed Fall

A Memoir of Mary Ann. By the Dominican Nuns who took care of her. Introduction by Flannery O'Connor. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.50.

by Anne Fremantle

IN PERHAPS the greatest of all literary rejections, Ivan Karamazov says that because of the suffering of children, "he will politely turn in his ticket," i.e., have nothing more to do with God. In the late Albert Camus' *The Plague*, Father Paneloux, after watching a boy die in agony declares that one must either love God or hate Him: in the face of a child's suffering there is nothing else to do.

Flannery O'Connor, the gifted author of *A Good Man is Hard to Find*, was approached by the Sister Superior of the Our Lady of Perpetual Help Free Cancer Home in Atlanta, and asked to write the life of Mary Ann, a girl admitted to their home at the age of three, who lived to be twelve, and "proved to be a remarkable child." Miss O'Connor declined to write the life, but agreed to write an introduction.

The congregation that welcomed Mary Ann was founded by Rose Hawthorne, Nathaniel's daughter. Hawthorne had described how, in England, a fastidious gentleman had once visited a Liverpool workhouse, and had been followed by a wretched and rheumy child, "so awful looking he could not decide what sex it was." It followed him, and put itself in front of him, "in a mute appeal to be held." The "fastidious gentleman" after hesitating "took up the loathsome child and caressed it as tenderly as if he had been its father." The gentleman was, of course, Hawthorne himself, and his daughter, Mother Alphonsa in her religious life, later commented that the story of this encounter "seemed to her to contain the greatest words her father ever wrote."

There is thus a strange, almost causal, connection between Hawthorne's dialogue with the wordless waif and his daughter's founding of a congregation to nurse the most revoltingly sick—those dying of incurable cancer, and Flannery O'Connor's acceptance of the nun's charge to spread the fame of their prodigy.

It is a simple enough story, this, of a little girl, with a malignancy on the left side of her face that the removal of her eye had not checked, nor blood transfusions nor x-rays. Mary Ann's parents had three other children, but were most loving: they suffered cruelly from the necessity of leaving their little girl, and came often to visit her. The child seems to have suffered discomfort from her disfigurement, but not much pain until the end.

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story is one of growth in happiness, of a small child turning from a loved creature into a loving one, learning daily to absorb from the devotion around her a holiness that seems to have nourished her not only spiritually and emotionally but totally. Perhaps the most moving moment in the book is when a mother brings her dying baby to leave it, and Mary Ann tells the bereaved woman, "I didn't pray for a baby to be sick, but I prayed that if a baby was sick, it would come here." The mother understood: her baby was needed, she wasn't useless; this Mary Ann, with her bandaged face and her heart full of love, needed her. "What did I know of God's purpose?" the woman asked herself, "God had given me a good husband, six beautiful children. This last child was probably the most special of them all, destined for something I knew nothing about."

In the face of total absurdity—that we should be doing our utmost to destroy ourselves—God's seeming wantonness becomes more comprehensible, and a physically sick child less a reason for turning in our ticket than our own mental sickness that makes us, from Cain to Cape Canaveral, continue to improve upon our hobby of destruction.

A Warm Feeling

The Whole Creation. By Theodore Morrison. Viking. $4.95.

by Richard M. Ohmann

KENT (CAP) WARNER, Executive Engineer of the Fullington Chemical and Pharmaceutical Corporation, has a keen business head and a sportsman's competitive instinct, but the fires of creativity burn in him too. His brother-in-law, Arthur Scheuer, is an important biologist at Rowley, the local university, but he also quotes poetry and worries about the impotence of science to deal with "our human world of perception and feeling." Malcolm Islay, writer in residence at Rowley, eyes experience with civilized irony and tough-minded skepticism, but the charge that he lacks compassion gnaws at his vitals. Among the major characters, only Claudia, Arthur's beautiful, orphaned niece, is simple, but then hers is the simplicity of innocence, not yet tested by travail.

Clouds gather. Kent handles a tough assignment from Fullchem with shrewdness and courage, only to be fired after an upheaval in management. Arthur faces an unaccustomed challenge from a crude and ambitious colleague. Malcolm enters a period of acedia, and his spiritual patroness succumbs to a degenerative disease. Claudia discovers that Jim Prescott, her young man, has had a sordid affair with an older woman.

The clouds, most of them, disperse. Kent dies of a stroke after a courageous swim to shore in a fishing mishap. But Arthur pulls himself together, vanquishes his tormentor, writes another book, and faces the future. Malcolm, irony of ironies, becomes an Episcopalian. And Claudia —can anyone guess?—marries Jim.

Besides plot, there are other elements in this novel. Dialogue is one; it often goes something like this:

"'Claudia my dear, you're more

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beautiful than ever. I hear you're about to take the most important step in life.'

"'Jim and I want you to be there, you and Aunt Abby. We'll promise lots of champagne if you'll promise to come.'

"'Cross my heart and hope to die," Kent said. 'I'll come if I have to crawl on hands and knees.'"

Character is another. Old Stocky, for example, president of Fullchem, last of the self-made men, hot-tempered and boorish, snuffs out profits like a pig does truffles. He talks this way: "'[my son] hasn't a word to say about anything except how this guy is a creative artist and the greatest thing since Shakespeare wrote *Gulliver's Travels*. . . . Writers, they're off my beat, but by what I hear—well, Goddamn it, I'm no prude, but you can't even pick up a good war yarn these days without it's full of sex and worse.'"

And along the way there are ideas. Malcolm talks about the writer as a parasite. Kent reflects on the moral lessons of boyhood games. Arthur has a theory that molecules tend to come together in complex systems that "can even suffer ethical anguish."

Nor does the novel lack theme. Partly the theme turns on revealing contrasts: science and art, small town and big city, business and the academy, religion and agnosticism. But the main theme is creativity, which, it seems, can be present not only in the arts, but in business, science, yarn-spinning, even marriage and reproduction.

What do all these ingredients add up to? They add up to a warm feeling. Malcolm the writer says to Kent the businessman, "'Well, I thought industry was nothing but Madison Avenue hornswoggling people into buying what they don't need and didn't know they wanted. . . . I see it can have a creative side too.'"

One would like to say that the ingredients add up to a novel as well, a humble but substantial novel in the vein of C. P. Snow. (*The Whole Creation* is Morrison's third book about Fullington and Rowley University, science and the arts, industry and academy, power and responsibility, and the comparison to Snow is inevitable.) But the recipe is wrong; the cake never rises. That the metaphor suggests itself is probably revealing: the book issues too much from a formula, too little from a sense of life. And at the hard core of its failure is a lack of the ingredient that Morrison concerns himself with —creativity. *The Whole Creation* is worldly, cultured, and humane, but it is also heartbreakingly pedestrian and ridden with genteel intellectual clichés. The characters push hard, but they do not enlarge the boundaries of our experience even so much as an inch.

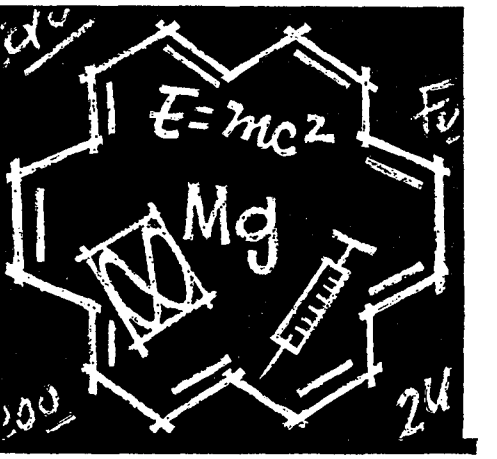
REVIEWERS

Gerald Weales is on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania.

Anne Fremantle, a frequent contributor to these pages, is well known as a critic, anthologist and lecturer.

Richard M. Ohmann is a member of the English Department at Wesleyan University.

■ Pre-Medical?
■ Pre-Dental?
Major in Math?



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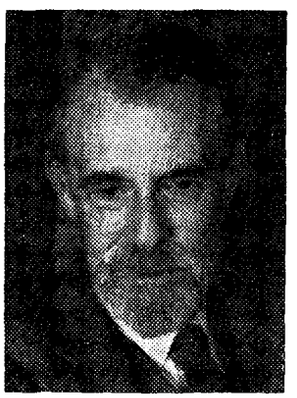

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